LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Old Man's Favorite.

BY FRANCES A. FULLER.

Do you ask where she has fled,—
Fanny, with the laughing eyes?—
Should I tell you "she is dead,"
You would mimic tears and sighs,
And affect a sad surprise.

Yesterweek, when you were here,
She was sitting on your knee,
Whisp'ring stories in your ear,
With an air of mystery,
And a roguish glance at me.

Fanny's heart was always light,
Light and free as plumed bird;
When she glanced within our sight,
Or her merry voice was heard,
Music in our hearts was stirred.

Do you ask where Fanny hides?
I will tell you by and by;
Look you, where the river glides,
In whose depths the shadows lie
Mingled of the earth and sky;—

Fanny always loved that spot:
There her favorite flowers grew—
Violet, forget-me-not,
And the iris, gold and blue,
With its pearly beads of dew.

Oft on the old rustic bridge,
Made of apple boughs entwined,
Hanging from each margin's ridge
Like a hammock in the wind,
Fanny fearlessly reclined.

And she's told me, while her eyes
Filled with tears of childish bliss,
That she could see Paradise
From her rocking resting-place,
Mirror'd in the river's face.

That she saw the tall trees wave,
Bright-winged birds among their bowers,
And a river that did lave
Banks o'ergrown with fairest flowers,
And a sky more blue than ours.

Then she asked, with such a smile
As an angel-face might wear,
If she watched a long, long while,
She should see her mother there,
Walking in the groves so fair?

When, to soothe the child, I said
She should see mamma in heaven,
To that frail old bridge she sped
As if wings to her were given;
And—but look, you see 'tis riven!

Ha!—you start—your looks are wild:
Calm yourself, old man, I pray;
Fanny was an angel child,
And 'tis well she's gone away,
To her paradise so gay.

The Artist's Married Life.

Being that of ALBERT DURER. *Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart*

The merits of this story consist in its fine purpose and its thoughtful, and for the most part just, exposition of man's inner life. To those who, chiefly appreciating such qualities, can dispense with the stimulants of incident and passion, the book before us will not be unacceptable.

The tale is supposed to include the autobiography of Albert Durer's married life, communicated by the painter on his deathbed to his friend Willibald Pirkheimer. The marriage of Durer with Agnes, the daughter of Hanns Frei—an event pre-arranged and determined by the will of their parents—and the trials which result from an unsympathetic union, form the motive and interest of the narrative. It is not from absence of affection between the wedded pair, but from a want of harmony in the aims of life, that their conjugal miseries arise. The loving nature of the artist at once attaches him to the partner of his destiny—nor is she irresponsive to his regard. It is her misfortune that with a mind unable to reach the sphere of her husband's interests she insists on their surrender. She is jealous of those sympathies which translate the imaginative mind into the experience of the race and lift its regards from individual to universal interests. The law of such a mind is to aspire and to expand: while the bias of a common nature is to monopolize and limit. The privilege of Genius is to find its chief reward in its inspiration—its support in the benificence of its purpose; but the demand of ordinary humanity is for tangible advantage. The latter measures greatness by its paraphernalia and its wealth—not by the power of enjoyment, but by the abundance of its stimulants.

Here then are the elements of the struggle. Agnes hates as a rival the Art which enchants her husband. She would regard it as a mere productive power to supply the means of gratification—and cannot comprehend the delight of which it is in itself the source. All that relates to it she sees through a false medium. The reverie in which the painter conceives his ideas she mistakes for unthrifty idleness. His pleasure in social converse or his content in that inner world to which he retires for consolation are so many evidences that she is not at all essential to his happiness. So matters proceed until Agnes becomes a mother—and the reconciling influence of this new tie prevails for a while.

How the actualities of life enter into the development of Art may be seen in our first quotation. It offers, also, a probable solution of the manner in which the personality of the artist is identified with his imagination.

"*A Little Agnes*, who now appeared, gave to *Albert's* Wife the Radiance, yea the Glory of the Mother. Thus the Deity continued to bless her! *Agnes* was the sacred Instrument in His Hands, and the most mysterious, the most divine Powers of old Nature were granted to her as it were in Fief. *Albert* being now filled with Reverence, Rapture, Satisfaction, and Thankfulness, all was well, better than ever, and his Love was now nobly founded, and hers *justified*, if not more. For *Agnes* also felt in her Heart as if newly-born, and secretly bound by her Husband's unwearied care. He watched over Mother and Child. No breath of air should blow upon them; and when both the dear Ones slumbered, then he hastened away to draw and to paint; and to his own amazement he quickly and beautifully completed a Picture of the Nativity, and one of the Adoration, with the three Holy Kings. The Picture seemed as if speaking. And then he blessed the Path he had chosen!

"His own Life opened up to him an unknown portion both of the World and of his Art, and he felt that he was now the Man to produce quite different and truer Works. Nature in her Divinity had never yet presented herself before him so closely and so sacredly! And he felt fresher than in the blooming Month of May after a mild fertilizing Tempest. The Ideas which have once been cleared up to the Artist remain eternally clear in his Mind. He directs himself to these bright points of his inner Life when he wishes to model—then he can dream and create! From this source all is Real! He has felt what he wishes to represent—he may change and transpose; then unfold and convey his ideas to other Men; and his Work will always spring from the Heart and go to the Heart again. Therefore he must have experienced the greatest, the simplest, the most beautiful, and the saddest Events of Nature and of human Life in general—he must have felt the highest Joy and the deepest Sorrow—and whoever has trod the noble path of Human Life with an observing mind—and that is peculiar to the Artist—to him are none of these awanting.

"But it is enough for him, that his Fancy embraces Nature in its simplicity! He need not have been the Murderer of innumerable Children, in order to represent the Massacre of the Innocents—if he only has and loves one *living* Child, and thinks—it may die! He need not have drained the Cup of Vice to the dregs, that he may paint *Lucretia*—if he only has a Wife, or has ever possessed one, whom he loves, and thinks—the proud King's son may appear before her with the Poniard or with Dishonor. He need not have gone to beg his Bread that he may draw the Prodigal—if he has only been a good Son, who loves his Father—the Tatters are found then. Thus the Artist hits everything, whatever it may be, faithfully and truly, if he has always been a genuine Man, attentive to the plainest, simplest conditions of Nature. Only in this sense, then, these words are no Blasphemy: The Artist must have experienced what he wishes to create. Thus, indeed, he has experienced everything; and though simple and natural himself, he can yet represent the Unnatural. The Artist's first Power, then, is his own pure Heart; the second, his Fancy; the third, the faculty of conceiving everything that comes from his Heart, as from a true inexhaustible Source, to be afterwards woven by Fancy.

"*Albert* brought the Pictures to *Agnes*. The sight of them rejoiced her; but she looked at the Child and said: These are still nothing but Pictures after all! Who has bespoken them? and what wilt thou receive for them? They are already paid—through you and my own joy! said he, somewhat mortified. It is true, they were only Pictures, and because he now possessed more than Pictures, he saw also that the Mother possessed more, and that she had spoken quite naturally and justly. So he willingly learned this also—that a living Work of God is of more value than all the Works of Men, and that these only exist and can exist—because those are."

The calm is of short duration. Agnes relapses into her suspicions, and envies the child its share in her husband's affection. The painter resorts to the companionship of his little Agnes as to an only solace. She soon perceives the injustice which he suffers, and the sense of it binds her more closely to her father. What we are about to quote involves much that is distressing both in its detail and its suggestion. The violence of Albert is to be excused only by his suffering:—if we forgive the ill-directed hand it is because the mist of tears was in the eyes. Waiving these objections, however, all that succeeds is of exquisite beauty:—

"But the Feelings of Children are inconceivably delicate and just. Little *Agnes* soon saw how unhappy her Father was in his Home, how little he was valued. *Albert* had perceived and learnt, first of all from her own Mouth, how much it grieved the loving little One to see him so ill-used. He saw it also in her soft blue Eyes. But he saw it meekly and silently.

When *Albert* visited a Friend one day, against the inclination of *Agnes* who feared that he might perhaps complain of her, and thereby make public what appeared to her quite allowable in private—and came home late, that she might not be awake, and yet found her keeping watch with the Child, who had waited for her Father that she might go to bed with him—then the Mother scolded him, and called him a Waster of Time and Money—a Man addicted to worldly Pleasures, while she toiled away forever in secret at Home, and had never had a single happy Hour with him. Thereupon he sat down, and closed his Eyes; but Tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his Eyelids. Then the Child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her Mother in childish Anger: Thou wilt one day bring down my father to the Grave! then thou wilt repent it. Everybody says so. The Mother wished to tear her from his arms. But he hindered her, wishing to punish *his* Child himself. These were the first blows he had ever given her. The Child stood trembling and motionless. Do not beat her on my account! certainly not on my account! exclaimed *Agnes*, thus indirectly irritating him still more. The Father however struck. But in the midst of the Sadness and at the same time of the Anger which his Sufferings caused him, he observed at length for the first time, that his little Daughter had turned round between his knees, and that he had struck her with a rough hand on the stomach! He was horror-struck; he staggered away, threw himself upon his Bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the Child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: My Father, do not be angry! I shall so soon be well again. My Mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed. I have only waited for thee. Now the little Sand-man comes to close my Eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly remain silent, as thou dost! Hearest thou? art thou asleep? dear Father! This danger then appeared to be overpast.

Almost luckily, might the guilty Father's Heart say, the little *Agnes* had some time afterwards a dangerous Fall—luckily!—in order that he might not further imagine that he was the cause of the Child's Death. She continued sick from that day, became worse, and no Physician could devise aught; even *Wilibald*, who had studied seven years at Padua and Bologna, only pressed the hand of the Father. That was intelligible enough. All the feelings of the Mother were again roused. The little *Agnes's* Birthday happened on the Holy Christmas Eve. Firmly resolved to have the little golden Hood and the white Frock, *Albert*, unknown to the Mother, had got them made in the City, and paid for. The Birthday Present shone in the twilight in the midst of the Christmas-tree, which had not yet been lighted up. The Mother saw it. She stood confounded as well as deeply mortified; and a Remorse seized her, which broke out almost into a Rage against *Albert*. He wished to leave the room; but at the door his Knees failed him. *Agnes* hastened after him, seized him, supported him in her arms, scolded him and wept with him, while he sobbed and struggled in vain for composure. She made him lie down. Then she lighted up the Christmas-tree, and the Father saw, but only as in a Dream, everything prepared. When all was ready, she said to him: bring *thy* Child, and he did so. But the joy of the Child was extinguished; she lifted up the little golden Hood and the white Frock, but scarcely smiled, and hid herself on her Father. The Angel at the top of the Christmas-tree took fire; it blazed up. And the Child admired in her little hand the Ashes of the Angel and the remnant of the Tinsel from the wings. During the Night the Child suddenly sat upright. Her Father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again to him and said in a low voice:—Dear Father! Father, do not be angry!—Wherefore should I be angry, my child?—Ah! thou wilt certainly be very angry?—Tell me, I pray thee, what it is?—But promise me first!—Here, thou hast my Hand. Why, then, am I not to be angry?—Ah, Father, because I am dying! But weep not! weep not too much! My Mother says, thou needest thine Eyes. I would willingly—ah! how willingly—remain with thee,—but I am dying!—Dear Child, thou must not die! The Suffering would be mine alone!—Then weep not thus! Thou hast already made me so sorry!—ah! so sorry! Now I can no longer bear it. Therefore weep not! Knowest thou that when thou used to sit and paint and look so devout, then the beautiful Disciple whom thou didst paint for me stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly!—Now I promise thee, I will not weep! said *Albert*, thou good little soul! Go hence and bespeak a Habitation for me in our Father's House; for thee and for me! *Albert* now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then *Agnes* exclaimed: Behold! there stands the Apostle again! He beckons me!—shall I go away from thee?—Oh Father!—— With strange curiosity, *Albert* looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But whilst he looked with tearful Eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks—the lovely Child had slumbered away.

The Father laid all the Child's little Playthings into the Coffin with her—that he and her Mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little Gods, the Angels, the little Lamb, the little Coat for the Snow-king, and the little golden Pots and Plates. Over the whole, Moss and Rose-leaves. Thereon was she now bedded. Thus she lay, her Countenance white and pure, for the mark, the purple Cross had disappeared with the Blood from her Cheeks. And now, for the first time, she had on the white Frock, and the golden Hood encircled her little Head, but not so close as to prevent a Lock of her Hair escaping from beneath."

The little incident of the white frock and the golden hood of which the child had been twice disappointed, and which she wears only in her coffin; is most touchingly introduced. How many robes that life covets in vain are at last granted for a shroud!—*The Athenaeum.*

Macbeth.

Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's house, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rules of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just and equitable prince. Early authorities show us no such person as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled further from Macbeth than across the flat scene according to the stage direction. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stuart. All these things are now known, but the mind retains pertinaciously the impressions made by the imposition of genius. While the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language exists, history may say what she will, but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as the sacrilegious usurper, and Richard as the deformed murderer. The genius of Shakspeare having found the tale of Macbeth in the Scottish chronicles of Hollingshed, adorned it with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is, by a nearer investigation, discovered to be of no worth or estimation.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Empire of Woman.

Her might is gentleness—she winneth sway
By a soft word, and softer look;
Where she, the gentle loving one hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed,
Strength, power and majesty belong to man,
They make the glory native to his life,
But sweetness is a woman's attribute,
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.
There have been some who with a mightier mind,
Have won dominion, but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful;
Sweetest sovereigns of their natural loveliness.
[*Schiller.*

Cheap Pleasures.

Did you ever study the cheapness of pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a man happy? Such trifles as a penny, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chesnut, how smiling they look, they will not be cross in some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they all will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—a word to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood, assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and he works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work, say, 'you scoundrel,' and he feels miserable; remark, 'I am sorry,' and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say, 'Good morning,' as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all about, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere.—We can make the wretched happy, the discontented, cheerful; the afflicted, resigned, at exceedingly cheap rates. Who will refuse to do it?

Sunrise.

The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the eye of morning—the silent song—the flowers' breath—the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trinkles applause—these swelling out of the sweetest of creation's matins, seem to pour some glad and merry tale into delight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it!

"When I am making up a plan of consequence," says Lord Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult a sensible woman."—Lord Bolingbroke was a great man.

Dotheboy's Hall.

Dickens, in the preface to a new edition of Nicholas Nickleby, just published in London, gives an interesting account of a pilgrimage made into Yorkshire, to see for himself the condition of the schools there, which, as a child he had conceived a vague notion, were wretched in the extreme. We find a portion of this Preface in a notice of the new edition in an English paper, and copy it. It is almost an added chapter to the novel itself.

'I was always curious about them—fell, long afterwards and at sundry times into the way of hearing more about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them. With that intent, I went down into Yorkshire before I began this book, in very severe winter time, which is pretty faithfully described herein. As I wanted to see a schoolmaster or two, and was forewarned that that those gentlemen might, in their modesty, be shy of receiving a visit from the author of the 'Pickwick Papers,' I consulted with a professional friend here, who had a Yorkshire connection, and with whom I concerted a pious fraud. He gave me some letters of introduction, in the name, I think, of my traveling companion; they bore reference to a suppositious little boy who had been left with a widowed mother who did'nt know what to do with him; the poor lady had thought, as a means of thawing the tardy compassion of her relations in his behalf, of sending him to a Yorkshire school; I was the poor lady's friend, traveling that way; and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighborhood, the writer would be very much obliged'

One of those letters brought to the inn where the author took his ease, after his cold journey, the original of John Browdie:—

'I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all kinds of subjects except the school, which he showed a great anxiety to avoid. Was there any large school near? I asked him in reference to the letter. 'Oh yes,' he said; 'there was a pretty big 'un.'—'Was it a good one?' I asked. 'Ey!' he said, 'it was a matther of opinion;' and fell to looking at the fire, staring round the room, and whistling a little. On my reverting to some other topic that we had been discussing, he recovered immediately; but though I tried him again and again, I never approached the question of the school, even if he were in the middle of a laugh, without observing that his countenance fell, and that he became uncomfortable. At last, when we had passed a couple of hours or so, very agreeably, he suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table and looking me full in the face, he said in a low voice: 'Weel, Misther, we've been very pleasant toogather, and ar'll spake my moind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our school-masthers, while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in. Ar would'nt make ill words amang my neeburs, ar speak tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm dom'd if ar can gang to bed, and not tell'ee for weedurs sak,' to keep the lattle boy from sike a scoondrel's while there's a harse to hold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in!' Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away.'

And, says the notice, Mr. Dickens returned home, and with his goose-quill so tatooed the visage of the Yorkshire school-master, that the savage has been ashamed to show his face among us since.

Woman's Tenderness and Love.

It has been said that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand; no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehensions may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and the shadow rather than light of the sad light, that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait alone, sleepless, the struggle of the grey dawn into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is more perfect, will tire; his eyes will close, and his spirit grow impatient of his dreamy task; and though love and anxiety remain undisturbed, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of and struggle to reject, but which, in spite of all his efforts, remains to characterise his nature and prove in one instance at least, manly weakness. But see a mother, a wife or a sister in his place. That woman feels no weariness, nor even forgetfulness. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ears acquire a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her steps, as in obedience to an impulse of a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her words are a soft echo of natural harmony most delicious to the sick man's ears; conveying all that sound can convey, of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus night after night she tends him, like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eyes never winking; her mind never palls; her nature, that at all other times was weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity, herself forgotten, her sex alone predominant.

Wedded Love.

ADDRESSED BY A YOUNG WIFE TO A DESPONDING HUSBAND.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let thy spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now! I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, noble, gifted, ardent, kind—
Strange thou should'st be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this weary weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its power control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For deemest thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a *common mind?*
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest! from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished for goal, the guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on
Until its bounds be won;
That quenchless ray, thou'lt ever prove,
Is fond, undying, WEDDED LOVE.

The Model Daughter.

Constantly she comes down to breakfast before the tea things are taken away. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when her papa asks her to sing. She "practises" when he is out. She does not have her letters addressed to the pastry cook, or make a postman of the housemaid. She does not read novels—in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head being crammed full of bonnets. She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses. Her fingers are not too proud to mend a stocking or make a pudding. She looks most attentively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white wine, whey, tapioca, chicken-broth, beef tea, and the thousand little household delicacies of a sick room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort, and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leech, or faint at the sight of a black beetle. She does not spin poetry, nor devour it in any quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father of an evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude, without falling in love. She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—"She would die sooner." She never stitched a Red Turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool, and crying "one-two-tree, one-two-three," continually. She studies house-keeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic; and can tell pretty nearly how many "long-sixes" go to a pound. She checks the weekly bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or "dying" to see Jenny Lind, nor does she care much abont "that love Mario." She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying "she lost her way." She treats her father's guests with civility. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks, and plays a little at chess and backgammon—"any thing to please her dear father." She does not send home "lovely" jewelry, for her dear father to look at. She does not lace herself to death, nor take vinegar to make herself thin. She wears thick shoes in wet weather. She has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults. She never pouts if scolded, nor shuts herself up in a room to cultivate "the sulks." She is the pet of her "darling papa," and warms his slippers regularly on a winter's night, and lights the candle before going up to bed. She is her mamma's "dear, good girl," as is sufficiently proved by her being intrusted with all the keys of the house-keeping. There is a terrible crying when she is married, and for days after her absence nothing is heard in the house but regrets and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the Model Daughter.—*Punch.*

The Emperor of China Hunting.

Having crossed several hills, we now arrived in an open place, skirted by verdant heights; and in the early morning the stag-hunt was begun, which, being conducted in a manner quite different from ours, I shall here describe minutely. On this occasion the army consisted of twelve thousand soldiers, divided into two wings, one of which passed towards the east, then turned northwards; whilst the other proceeded to the west, then likewise turned in a northern direction. As they went on, each man halted, so as to remain about a bowshot distant from the next, till at length they surrounded the hills. Then, at a given word, in an instant they advanced slowly towards the centre of the circle, driving the stags before them, and went on in this manner until one was not more than half a bowshot from the other. Every alternate soldier now halted, and the next continuing to advance, two circles were formed, one being at a considerable distance from the other. After this they all moved in the same direction, till the soldiers of the inner circle, being so near as to shake hands, divided again and formed a third circle; when, preserving their relative distances, they advanced again till the soldiers and horses of the innermost circle touched each other. The inner or third circle was less than a bowshot distant from the second, but the distance from this to the outer circle was much greater. The three circles having thus taken up their ultimate position, the Emperor entered into the centre, followed by the male part of his family and relatives, and surrounded by the best and most expert hunters, armed for his defence. The ladies were conducted into pavilions erected upon a neighboring hill, where they could view the sport without being seen. A similar situation was allotted to us, but we remained on horseback. The signal being given, the Emperor himself opened the chase by killing a good number of the multitude of stags thus surrounded, and when weary he gave permission to his sons and relations to imitate him. The stags perceiving themselves hemmed in and slaughtered on all sides attempted to escape by breaking through the circle, but the soldiers, being accustomed to this, instantly drove them back with shouts, and the noise they produced by striking the leather housings of the horses with their stirrups. Many of the stags, however, urged by pain or fear, leaped over the horses, or forced a passage with their horns. The soldiers of the second circle then endeavored to drive them back to the centre, but, if they did not succeed, those of the third were permitted to kill the fugitives. Nor were the animals that chanced to escape from the soldiers entirely safe, for they could then be destroyed by any one who might happen to meet them.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking.*

History.

History is the resurrection of ages past; it gives us the scenes of human life, that, by their actings, we may learn to correct and improve. What can be more profitable to man, than an easy change and a delightful entertainment, to make himself wise by the imitation of heroic virtues, or by the evitation of detected vices?—where the glorious actions of the worthiest traders on the world's stage shall become our guide and conduct, and the errors that the week have fallen into shall be marked out to us as rocks that we ought to avoid. It is learning wisdom at the cost of others; and what is rare, it makes a man the better for being pleased.—*Feltham.*

An old wedding ring, with some initials and the date, 1594, on the inside, has the following inscription:—"*One* quyet, *both* happy."

The Great Wall of China.

I passed the famous wall which divides China from Tartary, and well deserves to be considered a wonder of the world. The Chinese say that it is more than ten thousand lee in length, which is equal to more than three thousand miles; but I have been assured that it does not exceed fifteen hundred. Its course is not always even, sometimes descending into deep valleys, at others rising to the top of lofty mountains. Its height constantly varies; being much greater in certain situations, especially in the valleys, whilst in some places it does not rise higher than fifteen feet. In some parts this wall is built entirely of stone, in others of brick, in others of stone and brick mixed; and such is its breadth, that carriages can drive along the top with ease. I was informed that the interior of the wall was filled up with earth, and that it was built of that breadth not only for convenience in time of war, but also to facilitate the transport of materials when it was building, as it would otherwise have been impossible to carry it over steep and precipitous spots. It would, in fact, have been beneath the advanced civilization of the Chinese to build a national barrier, passing over rocks, ravines and mountains, without providing a passage for horse and foot soldiers. Upon examining this work, I was greatly astonished to find that, although it was built more than eighteen hundred years ago, it is still so perfect that it does not appear to have been finished above a century. It is decayed only in a few places, and these dilapidations the Tartars, who are now in possession of China, do not trouble themselves to repair.—They only preserve and defend the gates through which there is much traffic. Under the native Chinese government, one million of soldiers were employed to guard and garrison this marvellous work.—*Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking.*

The Word "Selah."

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means.—And the Minister, or learned friend, has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, for ever.* Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat.* According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Gesenius explains it to mean, 'Let the instruments play, and the singers stop.' Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*—up my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognises in every case, 'an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah.' They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, 'Hear, Jehovah! or, awake Jehovah!' and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear,' &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used for Higgaion Selah. Higgaion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.

[*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Sheep and Deer.

Sheep are the greatest enemies to deer, by diminishing their already restricted haunts, disturbing their repose, and deteriorating their best pastures. For all these causes the gallant natives of the hill detest the sordid and encroaching intruders, and will not inhabit the same ground with large flocks. A remarkable instance of this antipathy was observed in the end of the last century, by an old drover, familiarly called, "An drobhair ban," when crossing one of the great moors in Sutherland, soon after the first "head" of sheep had been introduced into Lord Reay's country. The narrator was surprised by the appearance of a large column of nearly a thousand deer, passing out of the country in a steady and determined emigration. Disgusted by the invasion of sheep and dogs, they had collected from all parts, and unable to find clean ground, continued their march to the west, dispersing into the most solitary glens, from whence they never returned. This determined abhorrence to sheep does not arise merely from the disturbance of their collies. The deer are very delicate in their food, and exceedingly fastidious in the purity of their pasture. Independent, therefore, of the severe diminution of their best provision, caused by the close feeding of the sheep, they cannot endure the oily rancor of their wool, and the additional abomination of its tar and butter.—*Lays of the Deer Forest.*

An Acute Lady.

Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park-pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman; and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say, 'Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?' when I heard a voice cry, 'Stop!' and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He said, 'Your purses and watches!' I replied, 'I have no watch.' 'Then your purse.' I gave it to him: it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, 'Don't be frightened: I will not hurt you.' I said, 'No, you won't frighten the lady.' He replied, 'No, I give you my word I will do you no hurt.' Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch; but he said, 'I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night!' pulled off his hat, and rode away. 'Well,' said I, 'Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it.' 'Oh! but I am,' said she; 'and now I am in terror lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money, that I carry on purpose.'—*Horace Walpole.*

"Sleeps Like a Top."

This familiar phrase, which is applied to persons completely under the influence of Morpheus, is erroneously supposed to be derived from the pause of a pegging-top, when its rotary motion is at its height, or, as school-boys call it, 'when it is asleep.' But the supposition is erroneous, for the phrase is derived from the Italian word *topo*, which signifies a mouse, and is applied as the generic name of the common field-mouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*Ei dorme come un topo,*" is derived; Anglice, "He sleeps like a top."

The Night of Mind is Gone.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

God said, "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then, startled seas, and mountains cold,
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail, holy light," exclaimed
The thunderous clouds that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmured, "Light!"
Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive rays.
Lo! heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo! trees and flowers all clad!
In glory bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God,
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?
No, from the mind of man!
From the swart artisan!
From God our sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of soul is riven!
Mind, mind alone,
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour,
The night of mind is gone.

The Mock Kingdom of Dalkey.

Among the persons who took part in the convivialities of the kingdom of Dalkey was the celebrated T. O'Meara. As the times became menacing, and Ireland infected with French principles, the Lord Chancellor Clare was vigilant in watching every society which was formed, and, among the rest, the kingdom of Dalkey and its Druids attracted his notice. O'Meara was personally known to him, and, supposing he could enlighten him, Lord Clare sent for him. 'You, sir,' said the Chancellor, 'are, I understand, connected with the kingdom of Dalkey.' 'I am, my lord,' said O'Meara. 'Pray, may I ask what title are you recognised by?' 'I am Duke of Muglins.' And what post do you hold under the government?' 'Chief Commissioner of the Revenue.' 'What are your emoluments in right of your office?' 'I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads, duty free.' 'Hogsheads of what, Mr. Commissioner?' 'Of salt water, my lord.' The Chancellor was satisfied without further question.—*Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago.*

Influence of Kindness on the Horse.

The Turkish horse is a mixed offspring from the Arabian and the Persian breeds, and from some kindred varieties. It is as gentle and as tractable as the Arabian, but neither so fleet nor so vigorous. Busbequies, who went as ambassador to Constantinople in the seventeenth century, says: "There is no creature so gentle as a Turkish horse, nor more respectful to his master, or the groom that dresses him. The reason is, because they treat their horses with great lenity; The countrymen in Pontus stroke them, bring them into their houses and almost to their tables, and use them even like children; and the grooms frequently sleek them down with their hands, and never use a cudgel to bang their sides but in cases of necessity. This makes their horses great lovers of mankind; and they are so far from kicking, wincing, or growing untractable by this gentle usage, that you will hardly find an ill-tempered horse amongst them." The Turkish horse takes rank with the Arabian and the Barb as a contributor to the improvement of the English horse.

Children.

Children may teach us an enviable art—the art of being happy. Nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant child is happier than that of the prince. Free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures. He can carve out felicity from a bit of hard twig, or fish successfully for it in a puddle.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE ESSENTIALS TO PRODUCTIVE FARMING.—The following essentials for productive farming are from the pen of the Editor of the American Farmer, which is, we believe, the oldest agricultural paper in the United States:

1. Good implements of husbandry, plenty of them, which should always be kept in perfect order.
2. *Deep plowing*, and *thorough pulverization* of the soil, by the free use of the harrow, drag and roller.
3. An application of *lime marl or ashes*, where calcareous matter or potash may not be present in the soil.
4. A systematic husbanding of every substance on a farm capable of being converted into manure, as a systematic protection of such substances from loss by evaporation or waste of any kind, and a careful application of the same to the lands in culture.
5. The draining of all wet lands, so as to relieve the roots of the plants from the ill effects of a super-abundance of water, a condition equally as pernicious as drouth, to their healthful growth and profitable fructification.
6. The free use of the plow, cultivator and hoe, with all *raw-cultered* crops, so as to keep down, at all times, the growth of the grass and weeds, those pests which prove so destructive to crops.
7. Seeding in the proper time, with good seed, and an equal attention as to time, with regard to the working of crops.
8. Attention to the construction and repair of fences, so that what is made through the toils and anxious cares of the husbandman, may not be lost through his neglect to protect his crops from the depredations of stock.
9. Daily personal superintendence, on the part of the master, over all the operations of the farm no matter how good a manager he may have, or however faithful his hands may be, as the presence of the head of a farm, and the use of his eyes, are worth several pairs of hands.
10. Labor-saving machinery, so that any one may render himself as independent as needful of neighborhood labor, as a sense of the comparative independence of the employer upon such labor begets a disposition of obedience and faithfulness on the part of the employed.
11. Comfortable stabling and shoes, for the horses and stock, all necessary outbuildings for the accommodation of the hands, and protection of the tools and implements, as well as for the care of the poultry.
12. Clover and other grasses to form a part of the rotation of crops, and these to be at proper periods plowed in, to form the pabulum for succeeding crops.
13. To provide a good orchard and garden—the one to be filled with choice fruits, of all kinds—the other with vegetables of different sorts, early and late, so that the table may, at all times be well and seasonably supplied, and the surplus contributed to increase the wealth of the proprietor.

COLORING WOOD.—French cabinet makers can now make wood of any color they please, by letting the roots of the trees absorb the colored fluids the year before it is cut down. A solution of iron passed up one root, and of prussiate of potash up the other, will give the wood a permanent blue color.

A NEW FRUIT has been introduced at Charleston, S. C., from Japan. It is an evergreen, and bears flowers of a delightful almond-like fragrance, twice a year. Last summer, the fruit in small quantity came to maturity in July.—This year it bore more luxuriantly, and the fruit is now ripe. It is of a rich orange color, about the size and shape of the nectarine, although a little more elongated.